

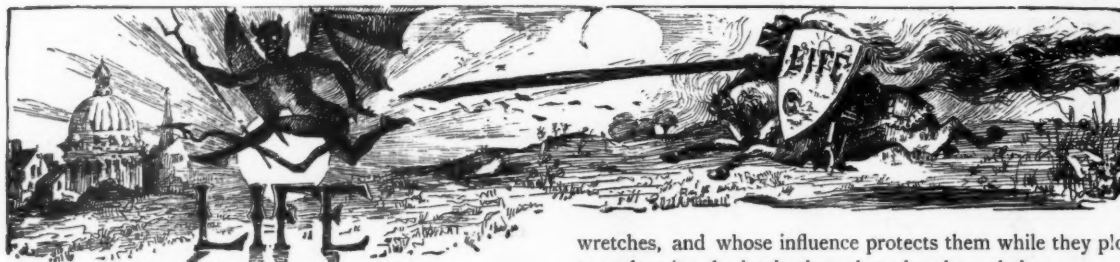
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A. J. Clapp  
6-88-

A DIFFICULTY.

*She:* PETE, DEAR, I WONDER WHAT WE SHALL LOOK LIKE IN HEAVEN?  
*He:* WE SHALL DOUBTLESS ALL BE VERY BEAUTIFUL, DUCKIE.  
*She (innocently):* WHY, HOW SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER?



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XII. JULY 26, 1888. No. 291.  
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

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"WHY is it," we can imagine the Foreigner Who has Come to Write a Book to enquire—for no intelligent American needs to—"that, after the terrible lesson of the Haymarket massacre in Chicago only two years ago, the municipal authorities there have allowed another similar conspiracy to foment right under their eyes? Why did not the police inspectors, who admit that they knew the Anarchists were regularly drilling in certain quarters of the city and manufacturing dynamite bombs in others, seize and imprison them while at their work? Why, after that terrible lesson of only two years back, was not the Anarchist propaganda resolutely crushed out, stamped out, bruised and killed wherever its venomous germs made themselves manifest? Surely, you American people can have no sympathy with, no mercy for, the devils who have come among you to overthrow the government your fathers established at such tremendous cost, and to overthrow it, too, for purposes of murder, arson and carnage?"

WE can best answer the Foreigner Who has Come to Write a Book by asking him to imagine himself in the statistical department of the Recording Angel's office. Having thus in imagination located himself, and having removed his hat, let him enquire of the head of the department for the Classification-of-Sins Book, America, Nineteenth Century, Decade of the Eighties. When four seraphim, after much effort and no profanity, have placed this immense volume before him, let him turn to the Lust-of-Office page, a subdivision under the general classification of Politics. From what he learns from this page, the Foreigner Who has Come to Write a Book will be able to construct a key that will explain many an anomalous situation to him in this great and glorious Republic. He will learn that the reason this Anarchist cancer in the breast of the body politic is not burned out, is because the Anarchist is possessed of a vote that counts just as much when election returns are made as that of any patriot, and that there are plenty of "politicians"—alas, the degradation that this once reputable word has been sunk to by those who have called themselves by it!—who court the suffrages of these ignoble

wretches, and whose influence protects them while they plot to undermine the institutions that give them shelter.

AND this is one of the reasons why we believe with Mayor Hewitt that immigrants should not be given the right of suffrage until they have been at least twenty-one years in the country, and can prove that they understand our institutions and our form of government. The Anarchist element in Chicago, as elsewhere, is almost entirely composed of ignorant Germans, Poles, Russians, and other foreigners, who do not know our language, and whose only knowledge of our form of government comes through their unscrupulous leaders, who do not hesitate to poison their minds with the vilest falsehood and the most criminal misrepresentation. And yet these ignorant and deluded fools, under our present laws, have as much weight in the decision of local or national issues by their votes, as the most intelligent and enlightened citizens. The time has come for this order to change.

THE friends of the fallen Boulanger can not do better than turn to that page of the prayer-book that contains the petition intended to succor those who lie grievously afflicted in mind. General Boulanger might be compared to a sky-rocket that, lighted two or three years ago, has kept all France excited until it should go off, in wonder how far it would ascend before crashing back to earth. But, alas, for the vain and pompous rocket! It fizzled out before it ever soared into the infinite ether at all. The combination of circumstances was fatal. Boulanger might have been wounded in a duel, without loss of respect and even with gain of popularity, had his opponent been a soldier or skilled in the art of fence; but to be wounded by a civilian, an advocate, and an old man at that, particularly when you have just been taunting that old man publicly with being a "school usher" and a noncombatant, is a disgrace that the French people cannot forgive.

AND it is the sarcasm of fate that, after the many foolish things Boulanger has said and done in public, that his downfall should be brought about by an incident for his participation in which he cannot be seriously blamed. We do not imagine that Floquet believed that Boulanger had any monarchist leanings when he taunted him with being a "loiterer in the ante-rooms of princes," and Boulanger, as a republican and a patriot, was justified therefore in calling him a liar, even in the Chamber of Deputies. But the issue of the event would have diverted the destiny of a Napoleon. Alas, poor Humpty Dumpty! All the king's horses and all the king's men will never set him up again.





## A POLITE DISTINCTION.

IT is a gratification to LIFE to know that the fracas between the two Newport gentlemen, both of whom are endorsed by Mr. W—d McA—s—r, was not a vulgar affair induced by a coarse interchange of low epithets. We learn from the *Times* that Mr. Lawrence did not call Mr. Whipple a liar, but that "he admits that his statement that Mr. Whipple knowingly wrote or said what he was confident he (Whipple) believed not to be in accordance with the facts might be construed in a manner prejudicial to Mr. Whipple's veracity."

\* \* \*

A MÉLIE RIVES CHANDLER'S novel, "The Quick or the Dead," is to be translated into French. How shocked Paris will be!



SO it has been decided at last how long a bathing-suit may be worn without the morals of the wearer being deteriorated by the contact. According to the proprietor of Asbury Park, one hour is the limit at which the beneficial effects cease, and the retrograding influence begins. If somebody, Mr. W—d McA—s—r for instance, would go to the trouble of making experiments as to the length of time one may wear a ball-dress without injury, the world would be the better off. It is, perhaps, worth while to bear in mind that more physically harmful results ensue from ball-dresses than from bathing-suits, but we

believe that that question is not considered at the Asbury Park Beach any more than it is in New York ball-rooms.

\* \* \*



Before

OUR  
FRESH AIR  
FUND

After

BANDS of delighted children are constantly being sent into the country by means of the money whose receipt is recorded in these columns. They are taken from hot pavements, steaming gutters

and close, unventilated bedrooms out into the fresh country air. These little creatures are unfamiliar with butterflies and clover and the odor of flowers. Every three dollars you send us enables another child to go, and there are many thousands of them still waiting. Take a stroll some warm evening through the slums of the city and judge for yourself.

Previously acknowledged	\$1,406.32
Arthur L. Brandegee	6.00
Staten Island	5.00
Chas. Moses	A Class in Atlantic Ave. Sabbath School, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Herman Wortmann	
Thos. Hartley	
Henry Moses	
Freddie Wortmann	
Little Bobby, Little Livy, and their little friends	47.75
C. S. H.	3.00
Mary Alice Van Nest	5.00
Cards—Brooklyn	5.00
M. S. B.	3.00
B. L. W.	5.00
A. R. & M.	9.00
Else G. Otis	3.00
Mayme	5.00
H. E. H.	12.00
Theo. and Harold	10.00
J. F. O.	3.00
L. H. B.	10.00
W. E. H.	3.00
Bess	3.00
The Whistlers	5.00
A. O. D. Taylor, Jr.	3.00
F. X.	10.00
For the sake of a Nephew	5.00
H. S. T.	20.00
Mrs. Frank Hinckley (proceeds of Fair held by several little girls in Bangor, Me.)	30.65
A Bachelor	60.00
Nell and I	6.00
Merrymeeting	25.00
C. F. Leaming	3.00
J. A. M.	15.00
Metollie	6.00
From Friends of the Fresh Air Fund	30.00
M. R. T. "Stella"	9.00
For the Fresh Air Fund	3.00
"Kentuckian"	5.00
E. C. Aiken	3.00
No Name	3.00
Bedibedy and Doffily	6.00
Friends	9.00
Fred, Brooklyn	1.00
Fred	.85
Nat.	.50
Sue	.50
Will	1.15
J. A. E.	7.00
No Name (Hartford, Conn.)	3.00
S. S. Class, of Worcester	3.25
Jefferson	3.00
A. E. S.	6.00
H. W. McVickar	5.00
D. W. H.	6.00
Little Phillips	10.00
G. M. T.	3.00
Governor's Island	6.00
From Guests of the Mountain Home, Woodstock, N. Y.	10.00
N. and B.	6.00
Cash	5.00
John deKoven Bowen	15.00
O. K.	3.00

Total, \$1,903.97





A GROVELLING SOUL.

*She:* HOW IMMEASURABLY GRAND THE OCEAN IS! IT ALWAYS LIFTS ME ABOVE MYSELF AND MAKES OUR OWN LITTLE LIVES AND INTERESTS SEEM SO PETTY AND HOLLOW.

*Gustavus (who is feeling queer and has heard imperfectly):* I DON'T MIND BEING HOLLOW IF I ONLY DARED FILL UP AGAIN.

LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

*SCENE—Village street in front of closely shuttered house. Old and palsied man working in garden.*

NEW YORK VISITOR (*in search of material for luncheon*): Is there a store in this village?

OLD MAN: I guess there be.

VISITOR: Where is it?

OLD MAN: I guess it's here.

VISITOR: Who keeps it?

OLD MAN: Wa'al, I guess I do.

VISITOR (*eagerly*): What do you keep?

OLD MAN: Wa'al, most anything.

VISITOR (*with interest*): Got any cheese?

OLD MAN: Wa'al, I guess not.

VISITOR: Got any crackers?

OLD MAN: Lord, no!

VISITOR: Do you keep any canned goods?

OLD MAN: I guess not.

VISITOR (*disappointed*): Oh — (after a pause), Do you sell meat?

OLD MAN: Wa'al, I reckon to occasionally.

VISITOR (*in tone of renewed hope*): Got any to-day?

OLD MAN: Wa'al, I *do* have pork once in a while—hed it yesterday, but it's out.

VISITOR: Oh! — Got any bread?

OLD MAN: Wa'al, I do reckon upon having bread most weeks, but it's out.

VISITOR (*peering through the shutters*): Haven't you anything we could relish for lunch?

OLD MAN (*scratching his beard*): Wa'al, I guess so—what d'you want?

VISITOR: Got any eggs?

OLD MAN: Wa'al, no.

VISITOR (*desperate*): Any butter?

OLD MAN: Hed some yesterday.

VISITOR: Got any berries?

OLD MAN: Lord! no, ma'am.

VISITOR: Well, I guess I'd better go home. Business keeps you pretty busy, I suppose?

OLD MAN: Wa'al, this is a busy time; but, you see, my folks mostly orders, and I brings their things jest so—d'ye



"BY JOVE, REGINALD, DO YOU KNOW HILDA JONES?"

"WHY YA-AS; SHE'S ENGAGED TO TWO OF MY FRIENDS."

see? so I mostly has jest what they wants, and no waste to it. Got washing soda, now—er soap, er kerosene oil if yer want it; but it don't pay to keep perishable articles in this here store, no way.

VISITOR (*with delight*): Got pickles, then?

OLD MAN (*returning to his gardening, with emphasis*): Wa'al, I ruther guess not!

Janet E. Runtz Rees.



### THE REVERBERATOR.

AFTER an almost unanimous verdict as to the disagreeableness of Henry James's story "The Reverberator" (Macmillan), a reader, with even tolerably acute perception, will be surprised to discover that it is an enjoyable piece of work. It is true that *Flack*, the American society-paper correspondent in Paris, is not an attractive character. Nor was *Bartley Hubbard*. Still they represent a phase of "journalism" which, however, neither Mr. James nor Mr. Howells would claim to be the prevailing one.

Perhaps the severe criticisms of the press were not a little prompted by the prickings of the editorial conscience, which in its rare moments of introspection discovers how hard it is for the man of best intentions to publish a wide-awake newspaper and not violate some of the conventions by "invading the sanctities of the home." Even to be a perfectly fair and just critic of political affairs involves a certain amount of pointed reproof, which must be galling to the circle who are bound to the offending man by love and friendship. The journalist with a conscience is constantly brought face to face with this necessity for sacrificing personal feelings to the public good.

THERE is no such excuse for *Flack*. He is one of the guerillas of the press, who are perfectly insensible to the feelings of others. The only thing admirable about them is their enthusiasm for their profession. The same praise could be given an expert highwayman.

\* \* \*

But, accepting *Flack* as an ugly fact, what a charming lot of people Mr. James has introduced! The *Dosson* family are satirized only good-humoredly. One knows that the author has a good deal of admiration for their sincerity and honest simplicity. Old *Mr. Dosson* moves through the pages as a perfect delight. "He was fair and spare and had no figure; you would have seen in a moment that the question of how he should hold himself had never in his life occurred to him. He never held himself at all; providence held him rather (and very loosely), by an invisible string, at the end of which he seemed gently to dangle and waver."

\* \* \*

THROUGH the wonderful precision and flexibility with which Mr. James uses phrases, he has acquired the dexterity to bring a character into your mental vision with very few words. His beautiful heroine *Francie* is "as straight as a wand and as fine as a gem; her neck was long and her gray eyes had color; and from the ripple of her dark brown hair to the curve of her unaffirmative chin, every line in her face was happy and pure."

Her aggressive and hardly lovable sister, *Delia*, has "a plain, blank face, not only without movement, but with a suggestion of obstinacy in its repose; and yet with its limitations, it was neither stupid nor displeasing. It had an air of intelligent calm."

*Waterlow*, the artist, is happily hit off in one phrase, as "combining in an odd manner many of the forms of the Parisian studio with the moral and social ideas of Brooklyn, Long Island, where his first seeds had been planted."

And *Probert* gives you the clue to his entire nature when he says that "the most important things that have happened to me in this world have been simply half a dozen impressions—impressions of the eye."

\* \* \*

THE author speaks for himself in these few sentences, and the fair-minded reader will have no trouble in deciding that this group of characters is well worth knowing.

Moreover, this story arrives at what is, sentimentally, a most satisfactory conclusion. Mr. James has for once given his readers a surprise by not inflicting them with a wholly surprising ending to his tale.

*Droch.*

### NEW BOOKS.

*EUGENIA, A FRIEND'S VICTIM.* By Alton Hurlba. New York: The Welles Publishing Company.

*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.* Parts 19 and 20. New York: The Century Company.

*The Family Doom.* By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

*In Hot Haste.* By M. E. Hullah. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

*Two College Girls.* By Helen Dawes Brown. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

AN OBSERVANT YOUTH.

PRETTY COUSIN: And what are you going to do, Bob, when you grow up to be a man?

BOB: Oh, I mean to be a park policeman, and you shall be my nurse.

COUSIN: But policemen don't have nurses, Bob.

BOB: Oh, don't they, though? That shows you've never been in the park.

THE REASON WHY.

"HOW does that idiot Cashly succeed so well with that jolly Miss Dustless?"

"Oh, with her he is doubtless on his metal."

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown." Since Shakespeare wrote this, kings have taken to wearing top hats, and recent politics indicate that they can now lie easily enough.



MODESTY OF THE PERIOD.



Miss M.: I CANNOT SEE MR. BROWN NOW, MARY; I AM NOT DRESSED. TELL HIM I WILL MEET HIM ON THE BEACH.



ON THE BEACH.

New Boarder: I SEE PLENTY OF SNAKES HERE.

Farmer: UM, NO MOR'N YER SEE ANYWHERE, SIR. I USED TER SEE EM MESELF, ONCT.

IN-"TENSE" VERSES.

I.

LAST summer Agnes, gentle girl, was empress of my heart,  
And life seemed very empty when time came for us to part;  
But now to Ethel's tyranny I live a willing thrall,  
And Agnes is "a girl I met"—and nothing else at all.

II.

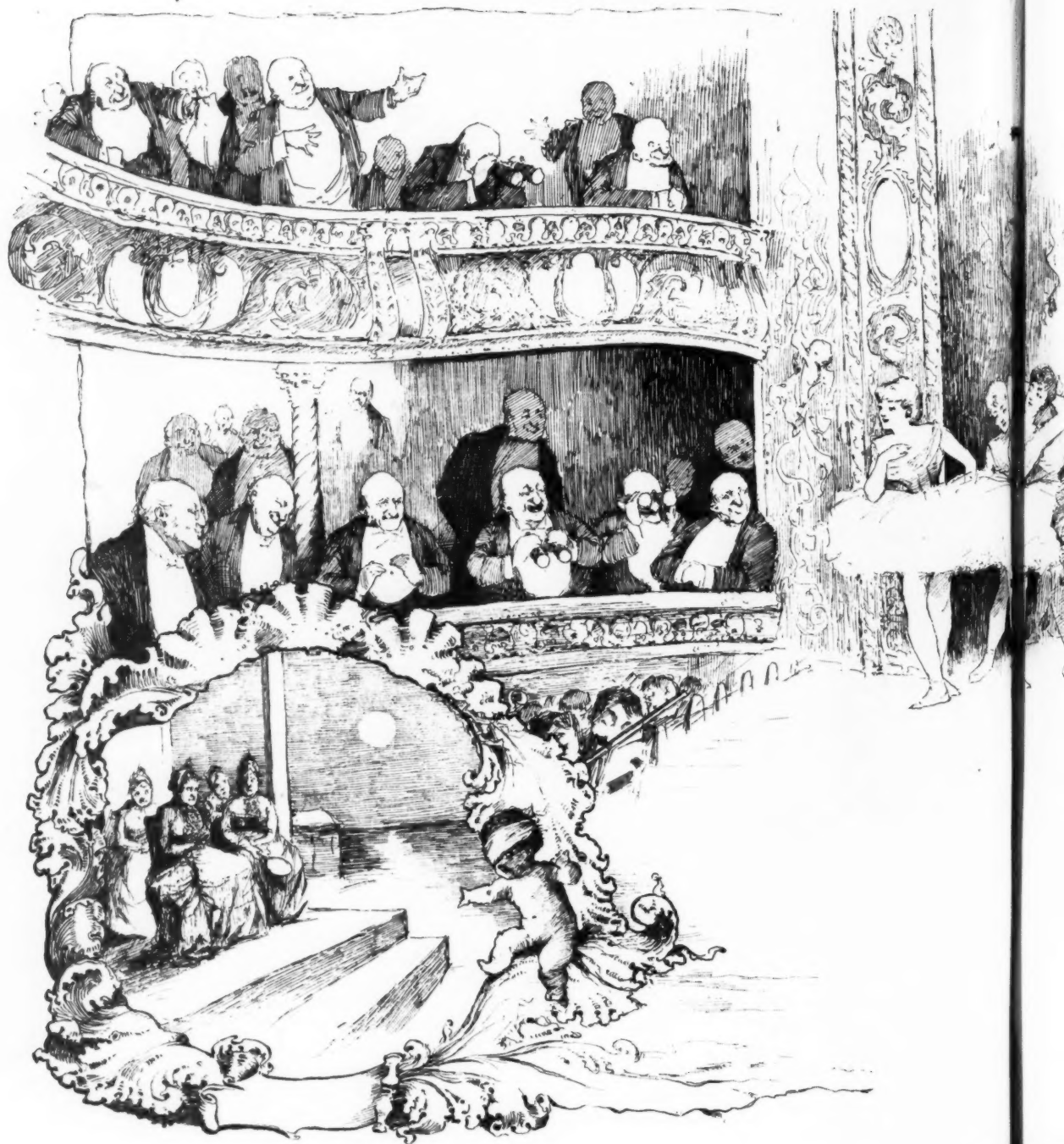
Alack! the tenses of the verbs, they always bothered me:  
What Agnes *was* now Ethel *is*, but Ethel, too, may be  
What Agnes now has come to be, though this is sure I wis  
That Agnes ne'er can come to be what darling Ethel is.

W. H. G.

THE SMELL OF SMOKE.

A WRITER of war articles was in the *Century* office when the fire broke out. "Great heavens!" he shouted, "I think I smell smoke," and he never stopped running until a policeman collared him on the other side of Madison Square.

IN a small Dakota town the following sign is displayed: "Heads sewed up while you wait."



POO APA

HE IS FORCED TO BE IN THE SO M





C. D. C. 1911

POO WAPA!

N THE SO MUCH THIS HOT WEATHER!

## THE QUICK WILL; OR, THE DEAD MR. MEESON?

A COMPOSITE NOVEL.

*(After too much of Miss Rives and Mr. Haggard.)*

## I.

ROSEMARY was a typical old English home. As Barbara Smithers loped through the soft blue haze which surrounded it, her copper-brown hair fell below her withy waist. A brace of tame authors bounded along at her side—authors whom Mr. Meeson had reduced to subjection by a long course of weak tea and bread and butter.

Barbara had arrayed them in dark brown suits, with silver buttons and brilliant sashes. The authors had a bad habit of rolling in the dust and dirtying their sashes. Barbara was wont to correct them with a strong cowhide which accompanied her in all her walks.

All of a sudden she began to draw jagged, uneven breaths. *He* was near, as she instinctively knew from the warm blood which mantled to her ears—blood which never before had mantled for any one but Val.

"You dear thing!"

"You are so good," she replied, and a little shudder tobogganed down her spine. "And yet, do you know, I would love infinitely and be loved."

He mentioned the name of a rodent after which a popular suicidal poison has been named, in earnest tones. This was all, but in the grave look—in the diapason of his voice—there was something so—*so* like Val.

And then she woke up in her own little room, with Rameses bathing her beating temples with fragrant hair-oil.

## II.

"Mr. Meeson. Kiss me!"

"Yes," said Mr. Meeson, "let the will be tattooed on Jock Dering. He'd be some use that way."

"*Mr. Meeson!* Kiss me!"

"The sailor will tattoo you while you wait—"

"*Mr. Meeson!* Kiss me!"

"An' you an' my nephew can get the profits from publishing 'Amélie's Mistake,' an'—"

"Kiss me! Kiss me!"

"An' you an' the lad can spend the money-moon in the Hutches—"

"I will be tattooed more than anything I ever dreamed of—more than anything in earth or heaven—more than Captain Constantinus—more than anything alive or dead—or *dead!* You understand? NOW kiss me!"

## III.

As Barbara and Lady Holmhurst entered the Registrar's office, they found that official, with his wig on wrong side before, admiring himself in the mirror. He turned, and instinctively knew that the will stood before him.

It was the day of the trial. There was a good house, and when Barbara entered the witness-box, she fell upon the floor and writhed and sobbed until the boards vibrated beneath her agonized movements.

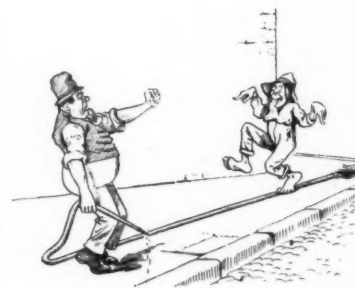
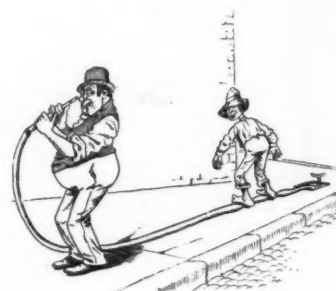
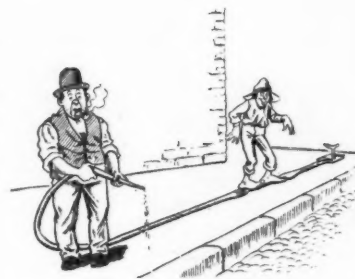
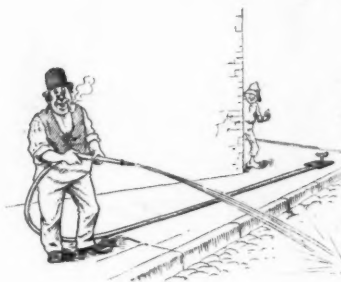
At last the Short brothers rose as one man and began their summing up. They were twins, and found this a useful precaution, as they had faulty memories, and were likely to forget their lines.

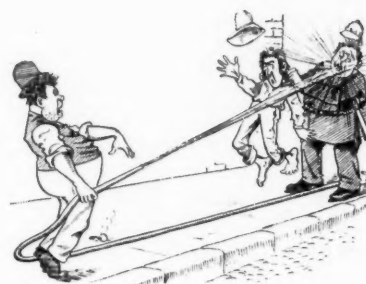
At the proper moment, James Short winked at Barbara. The lace shawl fell from her shoulders. It was enough. The Court immediately gave a verdict for the will, and with exemplary costs.

"And now I must go," she said, with a little break in her voice. "I am so weary! It seems as though there was not rest enough in the whole world to make me what I was. But I will put Seigné Balm on my shoulders, and perhaps the marks will go away. Farewell—good-bye, Jock! It was all for the best."

Metcalfe.

## FANTASIA ON A HOSE.





STUDYING FROM NATURE.

Tommy: MAMMA, ME AND MAUDIE HAVE BEEN PLAYING DOCTOR. I JUST GIVE HER SOME MEDICINE IN A SPOON, AND SHE LIES DOWN AND DIES.

REFLECTIONS.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING reports that a well-known Boston paper lately offered him £250 for a short poem, but that he had to decline. One thing that he says he can't do is to write poetry for magazines, and he adds:

"If I publish a book and people want to buy it, that proves they want to read my work. But to have them turn over the leaves of a magazine and find me, that is to be an uninvited guest!"

We respect the honesty of Mr. Browning's distinctions. He may put what he likes into a book and turn it loose on the world, and if Chicago raves over it, and an important section of the civilized world chooses to accept it as a sort of puzzle-exercise for the mind, the author can shirk all responsibility and say, "The more fools they!" In the matter of a book offered for sale in open market, with opportunities for previous examination, *caveat emptor* certainly rules, and the seller need have no scruples.

But to accept a check from a magazine and return its value in poetry is a different matter. Even a poet might scruple to accept \$1,250 directly from a magazine editor for "poetry," unless, at least, the "poetry" was poetry and made sense. We cannot often understand Mr. Browning's poetry, but we can fathom his feelings in this case. He has behaved like an honest man, and we wish that nineteen-twentieths of the magazine poets could be induced to follow his example. At the same time we are loath to have a Boston paper disappointed, and if the journal which applied to Mr. Browning is still in need of a little jag of verse, and will be satisfied with such quality as Mr. B. usually provides, it can be accommodated at the figure specified by addressing "John Milton," office of LIFE.

N. B.—J. M. is our pen-name, and we sign it to magazine poetry without extra charge.

COLONEL HIGGINSON, who is a veteran (and colonel) in the use of the sword, as well as the pen, is convinced out of the abundance of his experience that gentlemen are scarcer in England than in the United States, and less polite when found.

To be sure; and that is what might have been expected. The Declaration



#### NOT ACCUSTOMED TO THOSE WHITEWASHED STONES.

"WELL, I'LL BE BLOWED! WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT THAT HEN COULD HAVE LAID THAT EGG."

of Independence is a fine foundation for the manners of a nation. Contrast John Bull and Brother Jonathan as they both appear in the picture-books, and say in which gentle manners would seem least incongruous! Uncle Samuel, when he is at his best, has humor, simplicity and strength, from which in the fulness of time it is fair to expect an unrivaled combination of dignity, gentleness and good-humor. Americans have more to be thankful for than most of them realize in being born "free and equal," without a class above them, or a class below.

\* \* \*

ADMIRAL LUCE says that times have changed in the navy, and that it is very different now from what it was in former days, when "any decent woman seeing a jack tar coming along would hurry into the house."

Nowadays, any woman who sees an American sailor coming, calls the children out to look at the curiosity.

\* \* \*

GENERAL LEW WALLACE says he finds the campaign life of Ben Harrison the most difficult of his literary tasks.

There is such a thing as biting off more than one can chew; and again, it is possible to take such a small mouthful that it becomes necessary to search for it with a toothpick.

\* \* \*

COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON is hereby notified that if Kentucky has need of Colonel Nicholas Smith, she can have him.

E. S. M.

#### AMONG THE LILIES.

SHE has been among the lilies,  
Where their fragrance rises sweet,  
And the air so soft and still is—  
There have strayed my darling's feet.

She has been among them lately,  
Where they grow so white and tall;  
She has touched their blossoms stately,  
She, the fairest flower of all!

Something in her face doth show it—  
Breathes the tale where'er she goes:  
Shall I tell you how I know it?  
There is yellow on her nose!

H. H. M.

#### INFANTILE ENNUI.

GRACE was deep in meditation. At last she exclaimed: "Mamma, when we are gone from here, will there be people on the earth?"

Her mamma said, "Yes, dear."

And Grace added, "Well, it is a kind of an everlasting game, isn't it?"



Mrs. Maloney: BEGORRAH, THEY'RE SHRINKIN! WHIN THE LAST ONE'S GONE THIN WE'LL BE ABLE TO STHRIKE FOR HIGHER PRICES!





THE MODERN EXILE.

THERE came to New York a poor exile of Erin,  
The dew on his robe was heavy and chill;  
In a fortnight he was a police uniform wearing,  
And now he could lend you a ten-dollar bill.

—Texas Siftings.

HONORABLE KYRLE SLIP-MUTH-SLIP-MUTH PUDS (*lieutenant in Her Majesty's Own Regiment of Cutlassiers, stood pensively at the side of the Park bridle-path, and soliloquized*): "Here I am at last," he muttered, "in this much cracked-up America, and what greets me eyes? I asked me friend, the Consul, doncher now, where I could see some of the dare-devil riding I heard so much about on the other side, and now that I get to the pawk, nothing but a beggarly array of women with beastly bad habits, accoutrements, and hacks wobble along in a way that reminds me what Rotten Row would be in an earthquake." (*To a Policeman*): "Say, me good bobby, is this a sample of the best riding they have here in Central Park?"

"Phwere d' yez t'ink yez are, yez cotton-phwiskered pirate?" was the officer's gentle interrogatory.

"Why, isn't this Central Pawk?"

"Divil th' Central! It's Phrospic' Par-kr, Brooklyn. Move on out'r thot now!"

And the lieutenant moved.—Time.

THE Hohenzollern dynasty is 948 years old. The Hohenzollerns may be a dynasty, but they live nicely.—*Evening Sun*.

"THE Quick or the Dead" is to be dramatized. It is not announced who will play the title-roles.—*Buffalo Express*.

"WAITER, where is my vermouth? I have been here fifteen minutes."

"I have been here since seven o'clock this evening, monsieur."—*La Caricature*.

TEACHER: Knipke, who reigned the earlier, Titus or Vespasian?

SCHOLAR: Titus.

TEACHER: Mistake.

SCHOLAR (*quickly correcting himself*): Vespasian.

TEACHER (*sternly*): Kleemuller has whispered that to you again.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

FRAULEIN: That is a handsome man, Herr Lieutenant, there in the right wing, is he not?

HERR LIEUTENANT: No, not for a private; he would be handsome for an officer.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"HOW'RE you getting along?" remarked one moth to another. "Oh, I manage to keep in clothing." And he disappeared within a fur-lined overcoat.—*Western Rural*.

"MAMMA," inquired Flossie, "didn't the minister say that I got my eyes from you?"

"Yes, dear."

"And you really used to have four eyes, mamma?"—*Harper's Young People*.

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HE had invited her to a table d'hote dinner, and was nervous about the claret.

"Miss Clara," he said, "do you understand French?"

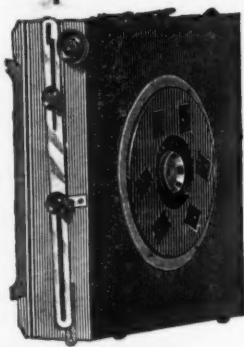
"Not a word," she replied.

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